

**Is this real? Or just
a gazebo?**

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Is this real? Or just a gazebo? by letgoofmygreggo

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Summary:

Based on my headcannon that Eddie thinks all of his medicine is bullshit so he stops taking it all but he is actually asthmatic and gets caught having an attack without his inhaler.

Bit of a character study on how i feel Eddie feels after everything.

Originally posted on tumblr.

Is this real? Or just a gazebo?

He couldn't believe he had been such an idiot, all these years he had been living lie after lie and it took some sassy chick at the pharmacy telling him the truth for him to actually find out.

Eddie looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. He looked like absolute shit. But he guessed that was to be expected after you fight off a demon clown monster thing.

It had been a week since they had all defeated it and Eddie still wasn't able to sleep through the night without waking up screaming. The trauma was still fresh, that was all. He knew the nightmares would become more and more rare until they disappeared altogether. He had faith in that.

What he didn't have faith in anymore was every single medication his mother tried to give him. She hadn't taken too kindly to her son calling her out on her crap. She refused to give up and when Eddie got home after his ordeal in the sewers, he found his medicine nicely stacked on his bed side table. Already 110% done with everything, Eddie had simply picked up all the pill bottles, walked into the bathroom and emptied the contents into the toilet before flushing them away. Down into the sewers with the rest of his problems.

But one failed attempt hadn't slowed down Sonia Kaspbrak. She had replaced all of his medication three times so far that week. Each time Eddie had flushed the pills down the toilet and thrown everything else out in his trash can. Every chance she got she would try and convince him that he needed the medication. That he was sick without it. But he knew she was wrong, the fucking labels on his pills confirmed this. They had no proper name, no instructions, nothing that other pills had. He had seen some while at Bill's house the other day. It was all so obvious in hindsight.

Eddie's watch beeped, drawing his attention away from his thoughts and towards his left wrist. It was 11am, time to meet up with Bill and Richie.

They were planning on heading over to Stan's place to try and

convince him to hang out with them. He had turned down their last two attempts and the boys were starting to get worried. Sadly Mike and Ben both had things to do today, Mike had a lot of chores he had been skipping out on to catch up on and Ben had some family thing.

Shaking his head, Eddie cleared his thoughts and focused on finishing getting ready. He opened the bathroom cupboard behind the mirror and groaned at its contents. All he had wanted was his fucking comb but he was met with the all too familiar pills. He could not be bothered dealing with it all now, so with more force than necessary Eddie slammed the cupboard shut and stormed out of the bathroom and back into his room.

He sat himself on his bed and quickly put on his sneakers before standing up again and heading out. Just before he left his room he sighed and took the fanny pack off his draws, quickly checking his mum hadn't snuck in any meds (which she thankfully hadn't), he then reluctantly clipped it around his waist.

While he was done listening to his mother's bullshit, he still couldn't shake his fear of germs that she had drilled into him. And he hated it. He felt so stupid, so weak that he still couldn't even go outside with his friends without thinking of all the germs out in the world, how he could catch a hundred different things from just a simple outing. He detested the fact he didn't feel safe leaving his house without the stupid fanny pack around his waist.

But he knew one day, one day he would be able to forget all of his irrational fears his mother had given him. One day he would be free. He had already made some progress down in the sewers, but then he had high off adrenaline. It was different now things were back to what passed as normal. But Eddie knew that day was a long way off.

It would take him longer to get over his fear of germs than the nightmares.

"Eddie where are you going?"

Eddie completely ignored his mother as he walked through the house and out the front door, slamming it behind him. It hurt him too much to talk to her. He didn't know how he could ever grow to trust his

own mother again so he just ignored her. He knew he couldn't do it forever but it was a temporary fix.

With too much on his mind for a kid his age, Eddie picked up his bike and headed towards where his friends had agreed to meet.

It had all happened so fast, one minute he was biking peacefully with Bill and Richie, rolling his eyes at one of Richie's jokes, when he suddenly found it hard to breathe.

Eddie shakily inhaled, trying to calm his stupid mind.

'It was all bullshit. I'm not sick. I can breathe like a fucking normal person!'

But it didn't work. Each breathe in took more and more effort as Eddie's chest constricted under the simple effort to breathe.

Soon his arms gave out and he fell with his bike onto the ground in a pile. He felt the skin tear on his arm and legs as he grazed them on the hard asphalt. He didn't spare the pain a thought, he didn't even give himself a chance to thank the universe for making sure he didn't land on his already broken arm.

He couldn't think past his own nagging thoughts as he tried and failed to breathe.

'Fucking loser Eddie Kaspbrak can't even breathe right. Still can't get over the stupid bullshit your mother fed you? Just fucking breathe! I can't believe you can't fucking breathe. So fucked up you can't even do something so simple.'

Richie had just been about to ask Eddie if he was okay when the small boy tumbled to the ground with his bike. Both Richie and Bill stopped and jumped off their own bikes in order to try and help their friend.

Bill was closest and made it to Eddie's side first, swiftly lifting Eddie's

bike off the poor boy and throwing it to the side.

“What’s wrong with him?”

Richie asked, his voice much too serious for his own liking. He knelt beside Bill and watched as the other boy opened Eddie’s fanny pack.

“H..he’s h..h..having an asthma ah..attack.”

The answer seemed so obvious to Richie, it wasn’t an uncommon occurrence for Eddie to have an asthma attack. But what had him worried was the fact Eddie hadn’t reached for his inhaler or even stopped fucking biking.

“Bill hurry up!”

“It’s n...not he...here.”

Without hesitation, Richie pushed Bill out of the way so he could take up the space directly in front of Eddie. In one swift, fluid motion, Richie pulled an inhaler out of his own pocket and shoved it into Eddie’s mouth.

“Breathe when I tell you to Ed’s okay?”

Eddie gave a weak nod back, giving Richie the okay to start.

“Breathe in....”

After Richie spoke he pushed the top of the inhaler, releasing the medicine into Eddie’s body.

“Breathe out.”

They repeated the process three more times before Eddie’s breathing finally returned to normal.

“You okay Ed’s?”

Eddie looked up into Richie’s eyes and saw just how worried his friend was.

“Yeah. Yeah i’m fine.”

“Good. Now what the fucking is wrong with you, you idiot!”

Eddie was taken back by Richie’s sudden outburst. It wasn’t entirely angry, he could still see the pure look of concern in his eyes.

“What?”

Richie sighed as he saw how nervous Eddie was and decided then to quiet down a little.

“Where is your inhaler?”

Eddie froze at the question. Quickly he looked away from Richie’s eyes, only to meet Bill’s equally concerned ones. He drew his attention back to Richie and sighed as he answered.

“I got rid of it. The pills are bullshit... i just thought it was too.”

Eddie looked down at his hands, ashamed. He was still a fucking idiot, he couldn’t do anything right.

“Eddie yu..you should’ve ch...checked before...”

Eddie’s frantic voice quickly cut off Bill.

“How?! The only person who would know is my mother and I can’t trust her anymore. I can’t trust my own fucking mother with my health!”

Eddie choked back a sob.

“Hey Ed’s. ED’S.”

Richie’s yell brought Eddie back out of his thoughts. The look he gave Richie broke the taller boy’s heart. He looked so lost.

“We will figure this out yeah? Even if we have to pull some super secret spy mission and break into the doctor’s office to find your medical records. Actually we should totally do that. We could all have cool code names and I would flip through every doorway..”

“Thanks.”

Richie completely stopped in his tracks and was left speechless by the single word. Eddie had a soft smile on his lips now and damn was Richie proud he was the one to put it there.

“For now take this.”

Richie handed Eddie the inhaler and Eddie placed it neatly into his fanny pack.

“Why did you have that by the way?”

Richie flicked a hand in the air to indicate it was nothing.

“Don’t you remember back when you gave us your spare asking one of us to hold onto it just in case something happened to your one?”

Eddie gave a soft nod with an raised eyebrow, prompting Richie to continue.

“Well to start off with, Stan, Bill and myself passed it around. But then it just kinda ended up always being with me so I just kept it safe.”

“Richie, I gave you guys that inhaler like three years ago.”

Richie smirked at this.

“And aren’t you glad i’m such a hopeless romantic that I held onto it all these years. It is a token of our love Eddie my boy.”

As he talked, Richie’s voice grew more and more dramatic. Soon he was standing with a hand over his heart and his other on his forehead.

“For I would always know, one day my prince would need me and I would use the magical object to save his life and win his love.”

Bill was trying, and failing, to hide a snicker. Eddie simple rolled his eyes but smiled at Richie nonetheless.

“Just my luck my knight in shining armor would be a dirty trashmouth.”

Richie grinned down at Eddie and reached a hand out to help the smaller boy up. Eddie rolled his eyes fondly and took the hand, brushing himself off once he was finally back on his feet.

“Let’s h...head to St...St...Stans. Yu.. you can fix yourself uh..up there.”

It was as if Bill’s words had finally sparked the part in Eddie’s brain that felt pain and he was now hyper aware of the grazes on his arm and legs. He winced in pain and that did not go unnoticed by Richie.

“Good plan big Bill! It isn’t that much further so we can easily walk.”

Before Eddie could protest and say he was perfectly able to bike the rest of the way to Stan’s, Richie and Bill had both started walking.

“Hurry up Eddie spaghetti!”

Eddie quickly picked up his bike and started to catch up to his friends.

“Don’t call me that!”

Author's Note:

Well that was my first IT fic! Hope you guys liked it! If you want to see more from me feel free to send some requests to my tumblr: [beepfuckingbeep](#)

Also sorry about the shit title. I had a complete blank but just wanted to post this bloody thing.